

THE ARGUS.

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Saturday, July 17, 1915.

We are told that there are two sides to this Ninth street paving story. Well, we've been waiting to hear the other one. Why doesn't somebody spill it?

If there is anything in trench and gas methods of warfare the county board proposes to find it out. It has been freely using both during the last week in an effort to hold the county jail on the court house square.

The situation of Iowa's thrifty ones is becoming more and more precarious. The state food commissioner is now camping on the trail of the grocer who sells lemon and vanilla extracts which may be used to relieve a parched palate.

Wisconsin is trying out a new law making it necessary for collectors to take out bonds to protect patrons against losses through embezzlement. The vigilance of bonding companies is relied upon to go far toward keeping members of the fraternity in the straight and narrow.

The 21 new Cook county judges whose salaries were boosted \$2,000 each through the action of the election board in reexamining the vote after July 1 when the increase in pay went into effect, are hardly in position to be severe with lawyers practicing in their courts who resort to technicalities to win cases of doubtful merit.

There was filed in Chicago of the day an assessment roll of \$7,262,555 made out to further the Michigan avenue boulevard link. The way they do such things up in Chi should be an object lesson to those who are disposed to hang back in the improvement of Rock Island's only highway approaches.

The part of South Rock Island annexed to the city last spring need not care whether high school tuition is paid by the townships or out of the distributable fund, as provided for by the Thomson act. Pupils from this district will now be instructed in the higher grades tuition free, while soon there will be modern city school facilities within reach of every child of school age.

"Every man is entitled to his day in court," is a proverb that is being quoted in defense of the course of the Ninth and Twelfth street paving obstructionists. Quite true. Shylock was also entitled to his pound of flesh, but it did not necessarily follow that the equities of the situation demanded that he take it, nor did his insistence upon doing so tend to make him popular with the boys.

It is quite unusual to warn the farmer at this time of year to look out for seed corn for next year's crop, but the admonition issued by the agricultural commission of the Rock Island lines is well timed. Prospects for complete maturing of this year's crops are not bright, and the wise farmer who has corn left in the crib will heed the caution and select his supply now so that he will be prepared, if present fears are realized.

SURELY A DANGEROUS SLOGAN.

"Go slow," bleats the local organ of obstruction.

"Go slow," it wailed when the first pavement was proposed in Rock Island, when the paid fire department was organized and generally when any other forward step was proposed as far back as the memory of the present generation can recall. Just now it refers to the paving of Ninth and Twelfth streets.

"The people have rights," it proclaims, "and they must not be ignored. There are two sides to this case. Give us time to find out what the other side is."

Oh, snub! Of course the people have rights and of course they shall be heard. Does not the law provide for this very thing? It is not necessary for them to get \$5,000 to \$10,000 in court costs to get their views aired, either.

For 40 years Rock Island has been proceeding with extreme caution in the improving of its only highway approach. Goodness knows, time enough has been given to preliminary consideration to satisfy the most "conservative." After all these years to counsel further delay is equivalent to urging that the work shall never be done. This same advice to "go slow" has been a millstone round Rock Island's neck for ages. Are we never to get away from it? It is the old Spanish motto which, consistently lived up to, has pushed that nation down from the first world power till it no longer outs a figure in terrestrial affairs. It has taken a long time, it is true, but a city will follow the same route much more quickly.

It is childish to pretend that the rights of the people demand delay.

The people have indicated their wishes so clearly that there can be no misunderstanding. It is their right to have their desires carried out with the least possible delay. If a small number of persons, inspired to doubts and misgivings by some one in Rock Island, who ought to be in bigger business, are not sure how they want these streets improved or whether they want it done at all, has anyone the effrontery to contend that they have a right to stand in the way of nine-tenths of their neighbors who are reasonably sure they know what they want and have plainly said so?

The Rock Island Rotary club just now is engaged in the commendable enterprise of marking the route from here to Aledo and to Galesburg. Visitors from the south are to be directed, at some expense of money and effort, how to find their way hither. What a pleasant impression they are doomed to receive when they follow up those markings and strike Ninth or Twelfth street in their present condition! What folly to point the way to Rock Island and then leave the way impossible of travel.

This same institution which cautions "go slow" is an enthusiastic advocate of good roads—beyond Milan, but still it is content, it seems, to have that village remain the jumping off place on the way to Rock Island.

"Go slow," this same mouthpiece warned when annexation was before the people, but the latter paid no attention to its vapors. They voted for annexation and for the improvement of the city's approaches. The municipal commission may be depended upon now to carry out the will of the people with reasonable dispatch. There is no danger that anybody shall suffer injustice in the process. The commission stands pledged to do as far as the law will permit—and the voice of the people, happily, is the law.

Moline would like nothing better than to have Rock Island continue to "go slow" in opening up its gateway. The flow city is placing itself in position to gain whatever is lost here. It has been spending money to make smooth the way for visitors over the leading highways entering the town and it does not propose to stop. It has a good, live road club which is getting ready to do things. And when it starts it is hardly to be expected that it will build roads into Rock Island.

Moline enterprise is to be applauded for what it is doing in improving the avenues into the city, and Rock Island instead of listening to the fossil must move fast, giving no heed to the selfish and narrow wall to "go slow."

THOSE "LOBBYING" BILLS.

Yes, the city of Rock Island has paid bills amounting to some \$350 for services in "lobbying" to secure the passage of an act by the legislature for the removal of possible technical obstacles in the way of annexation, and the money was well spent. The bills were allowed in open session of the commission and there was nothing secret about it. But it is also true that the municipality spends thousands of dollars every year for other purposes and no protest is made. It was the aim of the municipal administration to avoid the necessity of spending a much larger sum in fighting obstructionists who were not above taking advantage of technicalities in trying to thwart the will of the people. Call this "high handed" if you want to, but most people have another name for it.

But that was not the only "lobbying" done at Springfield and paid for by money furnished by local taxpayers. Those who complain of the expenditure by the city were quite willing that the county board should employ similar means and incur an approximately greater obligation in a futile fight against the bill aiming to keep jail buildings at a reasonable distance from schools, nor did those who are wailing now feel moved to take pains at the time to give the amount and the use to which it was put any special publicity.

And that is not all. Some of those whose expenses at Springfield were paid by the county to work against the jail site bill put in part of their time trying to defeat the annexation act—and they were Rock Islanders, too, and supposed to be under patriotic obligations to exert their energies in the other direction, if at all.

Money the city paid for "lobbying" got results, while the county, as has too often happened, put up the full price and drew a blank.

GOING BARE-FOOTED.

The Chicago Journal declares that despite the eulogies of sappy biographers, there are not many advantages in being born poor, and most of these can be shared by the children of wealthy parents who happen to have sense as well as money. Among the foremost blessings of poverty is the sacred and inalienable right of children to "go barefoot" in summer. But why should a youngster be deprived of the touch of cool, sweet grass on his naked feet because his progenitors happen to be rich?

Man is a five-toed animal, who seems ashamed of the fact. He covers his sensitive feet with leather, which turns him into an imitation ungulate, or hoofed creature, and then wonders why he has corns and bunions. He takes the spring out of the earth with his pavements and the elasticity out of his stride with hard-soled shoes, and marvels why walking has become a pain instead of a pleasure.

There may be some climatic excuse for this folly in winter, and as for grown-ups at any season, "the world has set its heavy yoke upon the grave and bedded folk," but give the kids, even the poor little rich kids, a chance to get their feet on the good breast of the earth.

Distilled water is furnished to the men in the United States army. An ingenious sterilizing and distilling apparatus is mounted on an army wagon and carried wherever the troops may go.

HEALTH TALKS William Brady, M.D. Little Things About Sick Room

Here are a few things every home nurse should know. We mention them, because observation shows that few persons, other than those professionally trained to care for the sick, seem to realize the importance of little details in the sickroom.

When giving one in bed a drink, never fill the cup or glass; a glass half filled is much easier for the patient to drink from. And if the patient is very prostrated or weak, lift the head by placing your hand under the pillow.

As a general rule visitors should not be inflicted on the patient, for the effort is likely to prove very tiring. In some cases, as during convalescence, visitors are cheering, but it seems to be human nature to want to get in while the case is serious and to forget the patient as soon as all danger is past. Some one in authority, other than the patient, should manage this matter of visitors with a firm but gentle hand. There is always this excuse, and the doctor never fails to corroborate it: "I am sorry, Mrs. Gamp, but the doctor directs that no one be admitted at present." Surely, not even Mrs. Gamp, will dare to ignore doctor's orders.

In certain illnesses, like apoplexy, and in many illnesses accompanied by stupor or coma, there is a very unpleasant stertor or snoring sound in the breathing, caused by the relaxed soft palate flapping in the air current. This may generally be avoided by turning the patient well off the back, almost upon the face, so that the face looks somewhat downward. The noise will stop and breathing will become much easier. It is a wise plan to turn such patients from side to side at intervals.

Malted Milk and Scurvy. Our baby, 7 months old, has been fed nothing but malted milk from birth, writes Mrs. B. S. Recently his legs swell, his breath is very bad, he seems to cry every time we take him up or touch him, and there are spots like black and blue marks coming out all over him. His mouth is sore and his gums bleed. Will you please suggest something?

Answer—Scurvy is a condition one might expect to develop in a baby fed nothing but sterile food, and starvation food at that. Orange juice, mutton broth, fresh cow's milk must be fed.

A REMARKABLE SYMPOSIUM

Robert R. McCormick and James O'Donnell Bennett, war correspondents for the Chicago Tribune, met in Bergen, Norway, and compared notes. They had been all over the war zone, Bennett on the German side, McCormick on that of the allies. Between them they had studied the military methods and the economic resources of nearly every belligerent, and each was frankly prejudiced.

The conversation on the occasion of their meeting is one of the most absorbingly interesting symposiums on the war that has been published. Both were trained and shrewd observers; both were students of history and world-politics; both having been on the scene were able to give first hand information. And the remarkable thing was that their conversation was much like any street corner argument on the war between any two men who depend for their information upon daily newspapers and weekly magazines.

Bennett could see nothing but an ultimate German victory, which would enable Germany not by force but by example to reorganize, cleanse, and discipline continental Europe, to teach her own methods of efficiency to the less advanced nations. McCormick admitted that the extinction of Germany would be undesirable, but held that the allies were fighting for their freedom against a powerful nation bent on world conquest.

Bennett questioned whether the Russian loyalty was based upon an intelligent national spirit, believing rather that it grew out of an ignorant adoration of the czar. McCormick held that the Slavs had a right to govern themselves and for that they were laying down their lives. Bennett believed that the ring of concrete and steel about Germany could not be pierced because of Germany's advanced scientific methods.

McCormick regarded it as probable that the allies would reach a state of efficiency equal to Germany's own, and then would make themselves her master. In three years he thought this purpose would have been accomplished. Bennett, on the other hand, believed that Russia would be beaten this fall, that France would be subdued in the winter, and that England would be whipped in another year and a half. At the same time he confessed to little faith in his own prophecies.

And so the argument went back and forth, and at the end the writers agreed that "we paused, feeling rather futile, rather like two little Rollos who had been painstakingly trying to illuminate each others' minds."

How Bookworms Are Tracked.

To guard the million books in the New York public library against the ravages of bookworms and other insects which feed upon the paper, the glue on the backs and the cloth and leather bindings, a constant care is exercised, and a keen watch kept for any evidence of their activities. One woman is assigned exclusively to this work.

When treating the books she wears a huge apron which completely covers her gown. A cheesecloth veil protects her face against the germs which lurk in the musty documents, and even the air she breathes is screened against contagion. Close touch is kept with the health department, and books which have been returned from infested areas are fumigated before being restored to circulation.—Exchange.

Nature's Handiwork.

The down upon the peach or plum is so delicate and so thickly set that one cannot touch the fruit with a needle's point without breaking the tender stalk, and yet the dew of the night covers the whole surface of the fruit and disappears in the morning, leaving the gossamer growth more orderly and beautiful than before. The dew covers every leaf of the giant oak, and the mighty tree drinks in the refreshing moisture in its thirsty heart through millions of pores, and the iron trunk that has withstood a thousand storms is made stronger by the gentle strength of the dew. The silent fall of the dew is caused and controlled by agencies of the most tremendous power. The same power which shakes a whole continent with its subterranean thunder is the same as that which encloses the finest filament of thistle-down with a coronet of dew gems so small that they do not bend the delicate stalks with their weight.—London Globe.

Modern warfare more than any other human vocation has urgent need of the constant assistance of inventors. The country whose scientists can devise the direct instruments of destruction, other things being equal, has the best chance for victory. Furthermore, inventions do not stop. A machine may be made obsolete overnight. The great war is not yet twelve months old and already tactics have been deeply modified again and again. Invention is not limited to any class. An epoch-determining discovery may crop out anywhere. The instruments which make modern warfare are the creations of private experimenters of various nations.

tervals anyhow. Change of posture in bed tends to prevent congestion of the base of the lungs.

Medicines, utensils, dishes and other suggestive articles should be kept out of the sickroom when not in use. If there is anything makes us madder than a 16-page letter in pencil on both sides of the paper it is the sight of a stand or table beside a poor invalid's bed laden with boxes, bottles, spoons and dishes. That kind of nursing is rather worse than none at all.

Never arouse a patient from sleep for medicine, unless specially ordered to do so. Medicine is great stuff, but it is of less value than sleep for the average invalid.

When the neighbors run in to advise you about changing doctors, sheets or diet, just show them in your courteous, refined way that you resent the gratuitous advice and that you consider your own judgment about as good as the average. They wouldn't venture to advise you in that way if they didn't feel that you are incapable of forming sensible opinions of your own.

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MOBILIZING THE NATION'S BRAINS

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The telephone and the telegraph made the basic revolution. Civilian Americans gave these to the armies. The wireless was another step. A civilian Italian is given credit for that. The submarine and the aeroplane have added weapons whose effectiveness is perhaps not yet fully developed. Unmilitary Americans did the thinking which brought forth these. The list might be extended tediously. Inventive thoughts work ceaselessly. It will never stop while the scientific method remains. Any nation, militaristic or peace seeking, which does not covet China's fate must have at its disposal not only the best of existing machinery but also the services of men able to foresee the next necessary steps. Some of these men are in the American army and navy. Dr. Walter Reed, an army surgeon, discovered the mosquito's connection with yellow fever. But the door must be open also to suggestions from the outside. The nation cannot afford to rely exclusively on the originality of official fighters.

Time and often it has been charged that American inventors have received scant courtesy at Washington. The allegations may have been unwarranted, but it is fitting at this time to make such an attitude impossible in the future. The board of inventions which Secretary Daniels is establishing ought to be able to maintain this open door. The humblest experimenter should be able to obtain careful and sympathetic consideration for his idea.

This preparation of intelligence, this mobilization of the picked brains of the nation, is wise and essential. We don't wish war; we don't expect war; but if it is ever our destiny again to settle an issue in the ordeal of battle we should be so well equipped with fighting tools that no lives may be needlessly lost.

LEW Guldenzopf continues his efforts in the Milan Independent to drown Rock Island. Referring to the downpour that visited the city last Tuesday he says "the streets reminded me of the poem, 'Boating in Venice,'" and then he quotes a verse. One suspects that Lew is beginning to take himself seriously in these libelous attacks on his neighbor.

Beside an appeal to its subscribers to pay up, the Sterling Standard prints an advertisement headed "Your Cough Can Be Stopped." After you have settled with the editor?

ALEDO citizen is advertising for the return of a lost Ingersoll watch. There are those who will refuse to believe that it is possible to lose an Ingersoll.

"MONEY is scarce in Mexico City."—Headline. Here, too.

COLONEL Bryan got sea sick while on an excursion to Catalina island. Another black eye for grape juice.

J. M. C.

CHORDS AND DISCORDS

HASNT spoken in 20 years.—Headline. Eight to five it isn't a woman.

MYRTLE Reid McCallough was unfortunate enough to have left an estate sufficiently large to induce a quarrel between her husband and her relatives.

IT would be like Evelyn to come forward and declare she never said those unpleasant things about Harry now that he again has free reign among the bright lights of Broadway.

ACTOR told New York police he was robbed of \$80. Couldn't have been a regular member of the fraternity, or the sum would have run into the thousands at least.

"IF they hurt, bring 'em back," advertises a dentist in a nearby town, boasting of his false teeth work. Then he'll try them on some other customer.

THE award by the arbitrators in the Chicago street railway dispute must have proved a great disappointment to those fellows who prosper through keeping labor in constant turmoil.

HENRY FORD appears to have made a ten strike when he said he could mould all the convicts at Sing Sing into good citizens. The Elgin police department has just installed a Ford patrol, on the theory, probably, that those who ride in it will feel that they are on the road to better days.

CHARLEY Chaplin is drawing the fire of film critics for his coarse work in "The Woman." Charley is funny, but he has permitted himself to err after the fashion of the burlesque comedian who imagines it is necessary to stoop to vulgarity in order to knock 'em out of the seats. The surprise is that producers, after making such protestations against indecencies on the screen, should have released Chaplin's latest exploit.

THE Bushnell, Ill., Epworth league discussed "The Perils of the Heat" at its meeting this week. The program, however, did not explain whether sufferings of the present or the future were to be touched upon.

HOGWALLOW HAPPENINGS.

While business is so dull, Dock Hocks, our tonorial artist, has been endeavoring to induce Tobe Moseley to have his whiskers cut off.

Two corners of the foundation under the Hog Ford church are missing, and Columbus Ailshop and Atlas Peck, two pillars of the church, have been appointed a committee to hold up the building until the foundation can be replaced.

The protracted meeting at the Dog Hill church has wrought a wonderful change in this community. Even the fish will not bite on Sunday now, and a movement has been started to stop Gander creek from running on the Sabbath.

Sickness has about died out in this community.

Tobe Moseley has been hauling dirt and putting it in the bottom of his pond this week in order to make the water rise high enough for his geese to swim.

Ellick Hellwanger has swapped for a new pistol and it is believed that he is preparing to shoot a man, as soon as he can get his witnesses together.

Little Fidelity Flinders got hold of Mrs. Ingar's Hellwanger's hat the other day at church and devoured several bunches of artificial cherries.

THE MAIDEN'S GRIEF.

It isn't that the constant drop is ruining the farm's crop. It's not the signs that they display upon the park—"No Game Today." It isn't that the daily flood makes auto roads a streak of mud. Nay, these things do not worry me. But goodness knows I'd like to see The weather bulletin read "Fair." Just long enough to Wash My Hair!

GOVERNOR Dunne and five other state officials and 13 of their wives and children will head the party—Chicago Daily News. Reads like an excursion to Salt Lake City.

MRS. Fred Weaver entertained Miss G. Frances Lipps of Fort Wayne this week. Miss Lipps is a concert singer, having been a student from Chicago Medical college.—Angola, Ind., Herald.

"MRS. J. H. Huntley is suffering with angrowing toe nail," says the Port Byron Globe. If it hurts anything like the spelling she must be in pretty bad shape.

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The Daily Story

Cousin Lisa—By Donald Chamberlin.

When I tell you that my name is Shovaloff you immediately picture a man with a heavy beard, shabby hair, large and thick set form. In other words, you fancy me to be a Russian. If you were to see me you would behold a rather small man with closely cut light hair and clean shaven face. Moreover, I cannot speak a word of Russian. I can only speak English and American English at that, for I was born in the United States and till recently had never been off the North American continent.

My father was born in the province of Perm in eastern Russia, lying next to Siberia. He came to America when he was very young, married an American girl and died within a year after I was born.

My father brought a little money with him from Russia, which he used to a profit and left my mother in comfortable circumstances. When I was 25 a letter came to her stating that the farm which had been in the Shovaloff family for many years must be sold, and I was interested. She proposed that I go to Russia and look after the matter. I loved travel and caught at the plan eagerly.

When I reached my father's former home I did not wonder that he had left it. The country round about was thinly settled, though a village had grown up near the farm. The people had their own customs, which had been handed down to them through many generations. Some of these customs were very quaint.

My father had left a brother and a sister in Russia. The brother had died unmarried, but the sister, a widow, still lived. She had but one child, a daughter, who jointly with me would inherit the farm. She was a very odd, though a very pretty, little dame, about 17 years old. I could not talk with my aunt or my cousin because they spoke no English and I no Russian, but we found an interpreter who served our purpose fairly well.

There was no hotel in the place, and I was obliged to set up a dwelling of my own. This I did in a small house which had been vacated. A middle-aged woman who spoke a little English consented to be my housekeeper and do my cooking. My aunt did not invite me to stay at her house. Why I knew not.

The business that brought me to Russia was very slow in working itself out, and the prospect of my getting away was not propitious. I had been in the village several weeks when one morning I was surprised by a visit from my cousin Lisa. She came in, all flushed and with a shrinking manner. My housekeeper being present, I saw no impropriety in her coming, but I nevertheless won-

dered at it. Not being able to communicate with her more than to say good morning, I asked the housekeeper to inquire if there was anything I could do for my cousin. A few words passed between the two, and the housekeeper, with some embarrassment I thought, said that there was only one thing I could do for my cousin, but I had better find it out for myself.

I concluded that I had struck another of the strange customs of the country and that I might as well let it work itself out. Lisa assisted the housekeeper in the work, and I went out about the business concerning which I had come to Russia. I did not return till evening, expecting surely that my cousin had gone. What was my surprise to find her still there.

"How long," I asked my housekeeper, "is Lisa going to stay here?" "Always, unless you turn her out," "Turn her out!"

"Yes. And you cannot do that unless you are willing to suffer the resentment of everyone hereabout."

"What does all this mean?" "It means that Lisa has offered to marry you."

I was thunderstruck. Little by little I drew from my informant that in this region of Russia when a woman wished to marry a man she went to his house and remained there, awaiting his action. If he refused her it was considered a great insult to her and her family. If she had made advances they were likely to avenge what was considered a slight to her and them.

While I had been charmed by my little cousin I had had up to this moment no thought of marrying her. Her action put the idea into my head. A marriage between us would greatly facilitate the settling of the inheritance in which we were interested. She was very lovely, very modest, and in her quaint Russian costume she looked very pretty. If dressed as an American lady I would have no reason at home, to be ashamed of her.

I accepted Lisa's proposal and as soon as I had done so sent her home to prepare for the wedding. My aunt told me that she had seen from the first that her daughter had given me her heart, and she had encouraged her to act as she had done.

When I took home with me a bride my mother was surprised, but when I told her how the betrothal had come about she was astonished. Fortunately my wife's modest demeanor did not permit my mother to associate any boldness with her act.

We have but recently returned to America, and although Lisa is studying English with great assiduity, we are not yet able to converse with much ease.

Constantinople.—(Correspondence of the Associated Press).—The city has thoroughly accustomed itself to the war and follows its pursuits as if the Allies were as many thousands, as they are hundreds, of kilometers away. Business has increased a little, and the supply of carpets put for sale by needy families has diminished, which is interpreted as meaning that once more money can be had from friends, or loans from business acquaintances. Much of this money is spent in the open air cafes, but it is spent in the humble platter. Nightly without regard to political inclinations, the people gather in the cafes, sip coffee, and absorb whiskies and sodas—if of Triple Estate beginnings—listen to indifferent music, and generally enjoy life. The feeling now is, let the Allies take care of their business as best they can. Even the Greeks and Armenians here who formerly prayed secretly that the English and French would force the Dardanelles are now quite indifferent whether they do or not.

The Turk is getting away from himself—creeping out of his shell. The war has brought to the mind of many Turks that the separatism of old was not as desirable a thing as was believed. The Turk, so say many, is coming into contact with the west by being obliged to read the communiques from Berlin and Vienna. He has acquired a real interest in the fate of two other political aggregates, and in so doing he had widened his mental horizon to the extent of feeling that his fate is not the only one over which Allah presides.

Last Tuesday a British submarine came to the very mouth of the Golden Horn and torpedoed with indifferent success, hitting a coal barge and blowing off some of the paint of another vessel, an army transport for which the visit was intended. Eight weeks ago that might have caused a panic at Constantinople. Last Tuesday people thought the occurrence a huge joke, feeling that as yet no submarine has managed to creep up a hillside. A few grumble because the ferry service to the Asiatic shore has been limited. Outside of that nobody minds the presence of Allied submarines. Having the Hailies hammer away at the Dardanelles has become a condition in the mind of the Constantinopolitan, a condition which gives interest to each day, because tomorrow may bring another of the many surprises which the undertaking has so far provided.

Stettin, Germany.—(Correspondence of the Associated Press).—The discovery that Stettin women have been feeding whipped cream to their pet dogs while mothers have had a hard time procuring a sufficient quantity of unskimmed milk for their babies, has aroused a storm of protest. Stettin recently attempted, unsuccessfully, to have its allowance from the government for the support of soldiers' families increased. In opposition to it was declared that Stettin women were too liberal purchasers of cakes and whipped cream, things that are not considered essential to the maintenance of life and health.

Some idea of a magistrate's opinion of the Stettin women and their dogs may be gleaned from the following notice by him, recently published in the local papers: "Since the present shortage of milk leaves much to be desired in the supply for wounded, sick and babies, every effort should be made to avoid diminishing the existing supply. While, on this account, persons actuated by feelings of intelligence and duty, have imposed upon themselves restrictions in their consumption of cream and whipped cream, because an extraordinary amount of unskimmed milk is necessary for them, it has unfortunately been noticed in the public stores that the individual female customers are ordering special portions of whipped cream to set before their dogs."

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I was thunderstruck. Little by little I drew from my informant that in this region of Russia when a woman wished to marry a man she went to his house and remained there, awaiting his action. If he refused her it was considered a great insult to her and her family. If she had made advances they were likely to avenge what was considered a slight to her and them.

While I had been charmed by my little cousin I had had up to this moment no thought of marrying her. Her action put the idea into my head. A marriage between us would greatly facilitate the settling of the inheritance in which we were interested. She was very lovely, very modest, and in her quaint Russian costume she looked very pretty. If dressed as an American lady I would have no reason at home, to be ashamed of her.

I accepted Lisa's proposal and as soon as I had done so sent her home to prepare for the wedding. My aunt told me that she had seen from the first that her daughter had given me her heart, and she had encouraged her to act as she had done.